



FUN AND FANCY



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Officer (referring to member of crew who has been picked up after being in the water for over an hour) : Is he all right?

Sailor: Yessir, 'cept that he seems to 'ave lost 'is sense of humour!

"Brown said he was painting now and had sold four pictures—he inherited his talent from his father."

"Was he a painter?"

"No, a picture seller."

The stately old gentleman was approached somewhat cockily by a rich and vulgar young man, who announced:

"I say, I am thinking of marrying one of your girls. Have I your permission?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Which one interests you? The parlourmaid or the cook?"

Guide (proudly): "And this—this is the Castle of Sternfels."

American Tourist: "Yeh? What pitcher was it built for?"

"But, my dear fellow, this schloss was erected in 1392."

"Waal, I never did care for them early films."

The members of a football team were seated in a train on their way to an away match. Ten of them were reading, when suddenly the eleventh broke out into deep blood-curdling groans.

The rest of the team glanced at him anxiously, and then one forced a flask of brandy between his teeth.

"How do you feel now?" he said.

"Fine," said the invalid.

"What was the matter, anyway?"

"Matter? Why, nothing!"

"Then why were you groaning?" asked the owner of the brandy.

"Groaning? I wasn't groaning; I was singing!"

"If any member of my audience," said the man on the stage, "will call out the name of some female character in Shakespeare, I will portray that character."

"Florence Nightingale," came a shout.

"I said Shakespeare, sir, not Dickens!"

Commanding Officer (addressing raw recruit): Now, my man, I want you to regard the regiment as a big band of brothers and me as the father of the regiment. Are you sure you understand?

Recruit: Yes, dad.

"Am I the only——?"

"Don't!" he murmured, "don't ask me if you're the only girl I ever loved. You know you are!"

"I was going to ask if I was the only girl who would have you," she said.

After she had admitted the simple-looking young man each day for a week, the maid went indignantly to her mistress.

"I'm going to leave, ma'am," she began.

"Why, Mary? I can see no reason——"

"It's just this, ma'am. I can't bear that young man who calls on Miss Ethel."

"But he doesn't call to see you! What do you complain of?"

"Well, ma'am, the neighbours might think he does!"

A certain churchwarden has his own methods of dealing with cases of doubtful charity.

One Sunday morning he was on his way round with the plate, and at last reached a man of questionable generosity.

The latter, remembering that it is finer that one should not publish one's good deeds too widely, concealed his donation in his fist and reached for the plate, whereupon the churchwarden, withdrawing it before he could reach it, said in a stern whisper:

"Give it to me, sir. One has just come off my waistcoat."

Clerk of the Court (to prisoner): Is there anything you would like to say before his Lordship passes sentence?

Golf Fiend: Yes; if I'm going to be hanged, may I have a trial swing?

"I say, I hope you haven't lost control of this car!" said the nervous friend of the fast driver.

"I suppose I have, really," he replied, putting on a fresh spurt. "I'm four instalments behind, anyway."

An actor, who, because of his wandering profession, had seldom paid income-tax, was at last discovered by the authorities, who promptly sent him a return to complete.

The actor kept it for a few days and sent it back with a little note:

"Thank you very much, but I don't wish to join this affair."

Goldberg had suddenly come into a large sum of money. One day he was passing a furniture shop when four old chairs caught and held his attention. Goldberg entered the shop and asked the price of the chairs. On receiving a favourable quotation, he asked for a dozen to be sent to his house.

"But we've only got four," said the assistant. "They are antiques, you see, sir."

Goldberg was not used to this sort of treatment.

"All right!" he snapped. "Cancel the order!"

A policeman on point duty saw a young man removing a spare tire from a car drawn up by the roadside, and went over and demanded to know what he was doing.

"I'm stealing this tire—what do you suppose I'm doing?" said the young man.

The policeman, deciding he had been a bit too heroic, wandered back to his post. The other wandered down the street with the tire.

A few minutes later the owner of the car appeared and rushed to tell the policeman that his spare tire was gone.

The motorist had killed one of the farmer's pigs.
"Don't worry—I will replace the animal," he said.
"You're not fat enough," said the farmer.

"If I'd had any brains when I was a young fellow I'd be travelling round the world now."

"Would you—and what would your wife be doing?"
"I wouldn't have a wife."

A small-part actor used to haunt his agent's office saying, "Anythin' doin' for me to-day, Ted?" And Ted would respond, "Sorry, Charlie, nothin' doin'."

As the weeks went on words became superfluous. Charlie would look in, lift his eyebrows inquiringly, and Ted would shake his head.

This went on for years. Then one day Charlie broke silence. He strode in saying: Oh, by the way, Ted, don't book me for any job during the next fortnight. I've decided to take an 'oliday.

A Sunday-school teacher, after telling the class the Parable of the Talents, gave each boy sixpence, explaining that they were to use their capital during the week and report on the following Sunday how much they had made.

"Now, then," he said to the first boy when they gathered a week later, "how much has your talent gained?"

The boy produced a shilling and the teacher was delighted.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed, then turned to the second boy.

"And how much have you brought?"

"Nothing, sir."

The teacher's expression changed.

"There, you see," he told the class. "George has used his talent and brought one talent more, while Jimmy has lost the talent he had."

He turned sternly to Jimmy.

"And what has become of your talent?"

"I tossed up with George, sir, and he won."

"How long were you engaged to Clarice?"

"I don't know; my watch stopped."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"Well, he has as much chance of going out alone as one of the Siamese Twins would."

They had gone to Morocco for a holiday, and one day joined a party of tourists on an expedition to the mountains.

On reaching a certain narrow pass the cars stopped and the guide dismounted.

"From this point the road is only passable for mules," he informed the party, "so I must ask the ladies and gentlemen to get out and continue the journey on foot."

The happy alliance of wealth and beauty with birth and—oh, let it go—brains was on its honeymoon trip, and confidences were being exchanged.

"One of my ancestors," said the young aristocrat, with a dash of hauteur, "as a page-boy held up a train at the marriage of Charles the First."

"Gee! that's a long way back," replied the unblushing bride. "Why, my grandfather, One-Shot Pete, held up two trains in one day in Arizona."

Tommy had been warned by his nurse of the awful results of biting his nails, but to no avail. She decided upon harsher measures.

"If you persist in biting your nails," she said, "you will swell out like an air balloon."

Tommy believed, took heed, and didn't bite his nails for two days. On the third day his mother was giving a party, and Tommy was allowed to partake of tea with the guests.

As soon as tea was over, Tommy approached a very corpulent visitor, gazed at her in silence for a few moments, and then exclaimed, in a loud awestruck voice, "I see you bite your nails."

"So you're a young man with both feet on the ground, eh? Well—what do you do for a living?"

"I take orders from the chap with both feet on the desk!"

A coloured preacher, taken to task by one of his elders for dealing with subjects which, the latter said, were inscrutable, replied, with dignity: "I am here, sah, to unscrew de unscrewtable!"

A woman ran out of a house shouting "Fire!" A passer-by started to run to the fire alarm, while another dashed into the hall and, being unable to see or smell smoke, turned to the excited woman and asked: "Where is the fire?"

"I didn't mean fire! I meant murder!"

A policeman arrived at that moment and demanded to know who had been murdered.

"Oh, I didn't really mean murder," wailed the hysterical woman, "but the biggest rat you ever set eyes on ran across the kitchen just now."

At an hotel in California the guests who were sitting on the verandah noticed an elk standing composedly on the high trail about 2,000ft. above them.

Instantly eight enthusiastic sportsmen seized their rifles and began the ascent. Up the terrible grade they climbed, with the thermometer at 91 degrees, until they reached the top. As the foremost crept breathlessly toward the trail he caught sight of a man reclining placidly in the shade of a big tree.

"Did—did you see—see which way that elk went?" panted the climber.

The man pointed to where a group of wood-cutters were unstrapping a pair of antlers from the head of a mule.

"You see," he said, blandly, "we discovered we'd run short of matches, so as it was too hot to go down below we thought perhaps if we could get some of you fellows up here you might happen to have enough in your pockets to see us through!"

Isaacs (junr.): Vat is a diplomat?

His Father: A diplomat, my boy, is a man who can vake up and look surprised ven de firemen break into his bedroom.

Two passengers boarded the bus together during the rush hour. A slight argument ensued when the first man tendered two farthings and a halfpenny stamp for his fare, but finally the conductor, who had little time for argument, accepted the unusual form of payment. Then he turned to the man's companion:

"And what are you going to give me?" he asked, bitterly. "Silver paper or empty bottles?"

At a motor-cycle show an engaged couple were examining the exhibits. The salesman, interested in a very expensive specimen, urged its merits.

"What's the price?" asked the girl in business-like tones.

The man mentioned a figure of alarming height.

"Good gracious!" said the girl; "what do you think I am — a Pillionaire?"

To secure a good attendance at a missionary lecture, the vicar of a country parish sent personal invitation cards to his parishioners.

"Jarge," said one villager to another, "d'yer know what these 'ere letters R.S.V.P. mean?"

"Don't yer know that, Thomas?" replied the other. "It's French for 'Refreshments supplied by the vicar of the parish.'"

A beautiful young woman entered the outer office and asked if Mr. — was disengaged.

"Well, he's rather busy," replied the secretary, doing his best to be complimentary, "but he's always pleased to see pretty girls like you."

"Is that so?" replied the visitor, in a voice which would have made a refrigerator feel like a furnace in comparison. "Will you please tell him his wife wants to see him?"

First Reveller (after Christmas festivities): Jes pash man who looked storinally like you.

Second Reveller: Strange. Lesh go back an' shee if it was.

Mr. Newgold (entertaining neighbours): All our knives are stainless. I always think they 'ave a more delicate flavour than the stained ones.

A snob said to a friend whom he met in the street: How's the duke?

"What duke?" asked his friend.

"Oh, any duke."

"Well, my man," said the Irish doctor to his patient, "what's the matter with you?"

"Pains in the back, sir," replied the patient.

"I'll put you right," said the doctor, handing him a few pills. "Take one of these a quarter of an hour before you feel the pain coming on!"

The chief wag of a suburban golf course strolled into the clubhouse and told the assembled members, "I'm full of beans this morning. I feel I could go out and beat Hagen again."

Another member, who always "bit" readily, stared at him.

"Again?" he queried.

"Oh, yes," said the funny man; "I've often felt like that before."

Little Lawrence was untidy. Though his mother made every effort to encourage him, he seldom folded his clothes after he undressed for bed.

One day his mother came into the bedroom and saw his clothing scattered all over the floor.

"I wonder who it was that never folded his clothes when he went to bed?"

Little Lawrence pulled the bedclothes over his head and answered: Adam!

Scoutmaster: Now, suppose you found yourself suddenly in flames, what would you do?

Scout: Keep cool, sir!

Sweet Young Thing: Have a cigarette?

Elderly Woman: What! Smoke a cigarette! Why, I'd rather kiss the first man that came along!

"So would I. But have a cigarette while you're waiting."

Christmas Guest (angry at being kept waiting at the station): So you had difficulty in finding me, eh? Didn't your master describe me?

Chauffeur: Yes, sir, but there are so many bald-headed old buffers with red noses.

A film director in Hollywood was inspecting the "set" of a ducal castle interior, when he was horrified to observe that a brass spittoon had been placed on one corner of the magnificent carpet.

"That's not a thing to have in a duke's house," he said. "Get a gold one—and much larger!"

Eloise had decided to go in for welfare work. The other evening she came home and told her mother she had made forty calls on poor people.

"Do you mean to say you saw forty people in one afternoon?"

"I didn't see them all, mother. At some places I left my card."

The quiet country member of a London club was reading one afternoon when he was approached by a strange member, who said: "Excuse me, sir, but we're looking for a fourth for a game of pyramids. Do you play?"

"No," replied the country member, "I'm afraid I don't. But I imagine that member in the corner would oblige you. He's been smoking Egyptian cigarettes for the last hour."

"My dear, I regret to tell you I'm bankrupt."

"Oh, help! Then I married you for love, after all."

He: Would you mind telling me your age?

She (ingenuously): Not at all. I'm eighteen.

He: Times what?

Sailor: Man overboard.

Wife of victim: Pardon me, a gentleman. My husband is a first-class passenger.

Mrs. Higginbotham: I give 'im new curaté! "Ah," says 'e, comin' in 'ere, "living in a state of connubial bliss." So I ups and sez, "'Ere's me marriage lines," I sez, "an' when you've 'ad a good look, there's the door be'ind yer," I sez.

The village choir-boys had decided to form a cricket team, and appointed their junior member honorary secretary.

In due course the youngster appealed to the curate for support.

This is how his letter ended: "And we should be very pleased, sir, if you would allow us the use of the bats which the choirmen say you have in the belfry!"

Old Bill Fox was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the water flow past, when a neighbour who owned a boat rowed across to him.

"Hello, Bill!" said the man.

"Hello, Sam!" replied Old Bill, pleasantly.

"All your fowls washed away this morning?" asked the man.

"Yes, but the ducks can swim."

"Apple trees gone, too?"

"Yes, but everybody said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows."

"That's all right. Them windows needed washin'."

"Your grandfather is a witty old man. He seems to be full of originality."

"Yes. We call him epigrampa!"

"Oh, George, I've been stung by a bee! What shall I do?"

"Put some ammonia on it!"

"But it's gone!"

A certain editor had received an income-tax demand of such proportions that, obviously, it was intended for someone else. The editor returned it with a rejection slip.

Madrid was expecting trouble. The streets were thronged with excited crowds, and open-air meetings were being addressed all over the place.

An Englishman, having looked on at the seething crowd for some time, suddenly climbed on a balustrade of the Royal Palace, and, waving his arms frantically, cried in a ringing voice, "What did Gladstone say in 1895?"

The police saw his wild gestures, and arrested him. When asked at the police-station what his words had meant, he replied:

"Oh, that's a sort of national war-cry we have; we use it whenever there's a crisis of any sort."

James is one of those men who are almost too good to live. He doesn't smoke and never drinks.

But, in spite of all, he got rather run down in health, and had to consult a doctor, who prescribed stout twice daily. It was a sad blow to James, but he faced it bravely.

Yet his health did not improve, and on his second visit the doctor was surprised.

"I can't understand it," he said. "I suppose you are following the treatment I laid down for you? Are you taking the stout twice a day?"

"Yes," repeated James, a look of martyrdom on his face. "I take a teaspoonful night and morning."

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With the utmost scorn she said: "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world."

"No," he replied, "you wouldn't. You'd get trampled to death in the first rush."

"I have always had a presentiment," she said, "that I should die young."

"Well, dearie," remarked her woman friend, "you didn't after all, did you?"

The emigrant was buying his ticket at the shipping office.

"And what about your trunk?" demanded the clerk.

"For what would I be wantin' a thrunk?" asked the bewildered emigrant.

"To put your clothes in, of course," replied the clerk.

"What?" cried the scandalised emigrant, "and me go naked?"

At a dinner party a Bishop was seated next a woman who made a somewhat lavish display of her charms. When dessert arrived the Bishop placed an apple on her plate.

She expressed surprise, whereupon he said, "You must eat it. When Eve ate the apple she knew what she looked like, and was ashamed!"

The woman was equal to the occasion. She quietly asked the Bishop, "Who gave Eve the apple?"

A man and his wife had enjoyed their previous holiday on a farm so well that they wished to repeat it.

The only thing that made them doubtful was that they had been somewhat annoyed by the close proximity of the pigsty to the house.

Finally the man wrote to the farmer and explained the objectionable feature.

He received the following reply:—

"We haven't had any pigs on the place since you were here last summer. Be sure to come."

"Hard-workin' little wife you've got, Bill," said the traveller to the small shopkeeper as he watched the man's wife busy in the shop.

"My word, yes!" replied the shopkeeper. "I only wish I 'ad a couple more like 'er!"

The foreman was taking one of his workmen to task.

"It's a funny thing, Jim," he said, "thee allus missing a quarter, and thee living next door to t' works, while Bill Jones, who lives two mile away, is allus on time."

"There's nowt funny about that," retorted Jim. "If he's late in t' morning he can hurry a bit, but if I'm late I'm here."

At a military dance one officer said to another, as they adjourned for refreshments:—

"I don't know how it is, but my wife's lipstick always tastes different from any other woman's," and he carefully wiped his lips.

"Yes, doesn't it?" remarked the other, absent-mindedly.

The parents of a solemn little boy are perturbed over his spirit of disenchantment and resignation to the worst.

They were sending him off by train to relatives on a visit and told him to write his name and address on a card and keep it in his pocket.

The youngster did so, beginning: "In case of accident this was Johnny Smith."

A young woman left her husband's side to look in a shop window. On leaving it she took, as she thought, her husband's arm.

"You see," she said, "you don't even look at anything I want you to see. You never care how I am dressed. You no longer love me. Why, you haven't kissed me for a week."

"Madam, I'm sorry; that's my misfortune, not my fault," said the man, turning round.

He was a complete stranger!

A deaf old lady went to live near one of the naval ports. Shortly afterwards a battleship fired a salute of ten guns. The old lady, who lived alone, got out of her chair, smoothed down her dress, patted her hair, and said, sweetly: "Come in."

The camera man went out for a big-game photograph. One of his companions was chased by a lion. As the man ran for his life he heard a shout and looked hopefully towards the thicket whence the sound came.

But it was the camera man with his camera raised.

"Hold on, there," he shouted angrily. "Slower! You're too far ahead. I can't get you both in."

"In fact, little lady," the eminent doctor concluded, paternally, "you are not at all well." The sweet little society flapper tearfully agreed. "Our nerves are entirely wrong," added the eminent one, "and our stomach is seriously out of order. In fact, we shall have to diet."

The poor child's big blue eyes filled to their brim. "W-w-hat colour, doctor?" she asked, anxiously.

Three men were telling tall tales.

One said: My family is fairly old, you know. One of my ancestors held up Queen Anne's train.

The next, an American, said: Well, it ain't so many years ago since my granddad held up a train in Arizona.

And the third remarked: We all seem to be in the hold-up trade. My father manufactures suspenders.

A visitor to Paris went into the Cafe des Deux Magots. Becoming annoyed with a waiter, he called for the proprietor. The latter took the waiter's part.

"Let me speak to your associate," demanded the irate guest.

"My associate? I have no associate."

"Then," demanded the other, "why do you call your place the Cafe of the Two Magots?"

Secretary: A man has called for an interview. He wishes you to tell him the secret of your success in life.

Financier: Is he a journalist or—er—a detective?

"That man wants me to lend him some money. Do you know anything about him?"

"Why, I know him as well as I know you. Don't lend him a bean, old man."

Mother was taking Bobby shopping; they stood before a window showing gowns on lovely young women of wax.

"Mummie," exclaimed Bobby, "is this where Daddy bought you?"

A doctor was giving a dinner party. His favourite parrot was in the room concealed by some curtains.

During the meal one of the guests, a woman, was exceedingly voluble, and talked for several moments without cessation.

When at last silence reigned, a sepulchral voice demanded from behind the curtains, "Let me see your tongue, please."

A clergyman was playing golf with a stranger who expressed himself very forcibly each time he made a bad shot. His favourite expression was "Oh, h—l!"

The padre was no spoil-sport, but once when his opponent came away with his phrase in more than usually emphatic tones, he remarked, gently:

"My poor friend, are you homesick?"

At a fashionable West-end restaurant a girl had just finished luncheon and was preparing to light a cigarette when a waiter showed an elderly woman to her table.

"I do hope you won't mind me eating whilst you are smoking?" said the newcomer, acidly.

"Not at all," came the ready retort, "so long as I'm able to hear the orchestra."

Hard-hearted Grocer: No, sir! No cheques. I wouldn't cash a cheque for my own brother.

Customer: Well, of course, you know your family better than I do.

He was boring her to tears when in came her dog.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "have you taught him any more tricks since I was here last?"

"Yes," she said sweetly. "If you whistle he will bring your hat."

Sergeant: "But if he was on his hands and knees in the road, what makes you think he was loitering with intent to commit a felony?"

Very New Constable: "Bedad, sor, he was groping at th' whoite line, saying he was going to r-r-roll it up and take it home to make a frieze for his bathroom, sor."

The burglar turned pale. He realised from the trophies and pictures in the room that he and his assistant had broken into the house of a boxer.

"Let's clear while we're safe," he whispered, terror-stricken.

"We're safe as houses," whispered his assistant, contemptuously. "You know very well he never fights for less than a purse of two thousand pounds."

He was tearing down the street as fast as his legs would carry him, with the stout landlord toiling in the rear.

"Stop him! Stop him!" shouted the landlord.

A policeman made an effort to do so, but the man said something to the constable, who allowed him to proceed.

"Why didn't you stop him?" demanded the landlord, on reaching the policeman.

"He told me you was running him for six drinks," explained the man in blue.

"So I was," said the landlord furiously; "he hasn't paid for 'em!"

First golfer (starting the afternoon round): Fo-o-o-o-re!

Second golfer (suffering from lunch): He-e-'s a jolly good fel-low!

A dramatist was talking to a critic about himself and his work and his aims and all the rest of it.

"I have had," he said, "a whole crowd of imitators."

"Yes," said the critic, "especially beforehand."

Customer: Of course, there's always such a lot of vitamins in water-cress.

New assistant: Well, I dunno, mum; the gov'nor always insists on washin' it well, but no doubt it could do with another rinsin' when we get it 'ome!

"I'm almost sure that's an old friend of mine sitting at that table over there."

"Then why don't you speak to him?"

"I'm afraid to, because he's so shy that he would feel awkward if it turned out to be another man after all."

A soldier was showing his mother round the barracks when a bugle sounded.

"What's that?" asked the old lady.

"Tattoo," said the soldier.

"Heaven 'elp their poor chests!"

A prominent official of the telephone company was rudely aroused from his slumbers by the ringing of the telephone. After bruising his knee on a chair, he reached the 'phone.

"Hello!" he growled.

"Are you an official of the telephone company?" asked the voice.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Tell me," said the voice, "how it feels to get out of bed at two o'clock to answer a wrong number."

"Does your wife play bridge for money?"

"No; but her opponents do."

He: The man who married Ethel got a prize.

She: What was it?

Tommy (reading paper): Daddy, what are diplomatic relations?

Father: There are no such people, my boy.

A man stood behind an enormously fat woman in a crowd watching the beer from some broken barrels running down a sewer.

"Ha!" he cried, "never before in my life have I seen such a shameful waste."

At the hospital some hours later he asked why the fat woman had attacked him.

An aged Negro saw an extraordinary-looking instrument in an optician's shop. He gazed in open-mouthed wonder, and, turning to the optician, inquired: "What is it, boss?"

"That," replied the optician, "is an ophthalmometer."

"Sho'," muttered the other, his eyes still fastened on the curious-looking thing as he backed out, "dat's what I was afeard it was!"

A Mexican and an American who work on the night shift of a Kansas salt plant eat their midnight meal together. On several occasions the Mexican had rabbit in his can, and he shared his supply with his comrade.

One night the American asked: "Where you get rabbits, Jose? I can't find any."

"My wife, she get 'um," Jose replied. "She say ever' night they come round the house and make noise. She shoot 'um."

"Noise? Rabbits don't make a noise."

"Sure," Jose asserted, positively. "Go 'meow, meow.'"

He: I hope you will pardon my dancing on your feet—I'm a little out of practice.

She: I don't mind your dancing on them. It's the continual jumping on and off that aggravates me.

An old lady who took a great interest in municipal matters was walking over a golf course and noticed the bunkers here and there.

She wrote to the Town Council asking why they didn't engage a number of the unemployed to fill in the many holes on the course, which caused the players so much annoyance and induced so much bad language.

An American was fined for being drunk. When he paid his money he asked for a receipt, which was refused.

"Judge," said the man, "do you believe in a day of judgment?"

"Yes," replied the Judge.

"Well," said the other, "on that day it will be said to me, 'Jabez Smith, you got drunk.' 'Yes,' I will answer, 'and I paid my fine.' 'Where's your receipt?' it will be said; and do you think it reasonable, Judge, that I should be obliged to lose my time by going down to hell to look for you and your clerk?"

The rustic who had applied for a job on the railway came out from the examination room and told his waiting relatives that he was colour blind.

"But you can't be," said his father, "you are no more colour blind than I am."

"I know that, father," was the reply, "but it all comes of bein' polite."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I went into the room an' a man held something up for me to look at. 'Come,' said he, 'this is green, isn't it? You are positive it's green'—quite pleadin' like, an' though I could see plain enough it was red I couldn't tell him so. So I agreed with him, and they bundled me out."

The business men were talking about their employees.

"Well, old Johnson has grown grey-haired in my service."

"I've got a girl with me who has grown yellow, brown, and red-haired in my service."

Mr. Meeker had crawled under the bed when he heard the burglar. He held his breath and waited. Then, after a long pause, he felt someone trying to crawl in beside him.

"Is that you, Henrietta, dear?" he whispered.

"No," was the answering whisper. "I've just had a look at her. I'm the burglar. Move up!"

An itinerant collector of old iron was trundling his barrow along a very narrow road. Behind him was a somewhat elderly motor-car, the impatient driver of which was hooting and tooting in his anxiety to pass the old-iron barrow.

The old-iron merchant looked round at the car, and addressed the owner:—

"Orl right guv'nor. I'll call for that to-morrer!"

He had joined a golf club, and on his first round he hit the ball a mighty swipe which by some miracle landed it in the hole in one.

At the second tee came another miracle. Again he did the hole in one, and as the ball disappeared into the hole he turned round, white and trembling.

"Gosh!" he breathed, "I thought I'd missed it that time."

Some Americans were standing in front of St. Paul's Cathedral when a fellow-countrywoman, sight-seeing alone, came and stood near them.

For several moments she was motionless and silent, and one might have thought she was drinking in the cathedral's beauty.

Suddenly she turned to one of the group.

"What," she asked with enthusiasm, "do you suppose that church weighs?"



